

Rt. 8, Frederick, 2Y01

Dear Phil,

As soon as I get to the Post Office during open hours, I will return all your personal papers, as I should have before this. In the event they are ever need, which is doubtful, you can always provide them again. I had stapled them together a while back for this purpose, got busy and forgot. This will be the various receipts, etc, plus your 1962 tax form. I do not want to send them other than certified or registered. It will be in the next few days, depending on the weather. If there is much snow, I won't be getting out if the lane drifts closed, as has happened.

I thought I'd sent you a transcript. I have only one copy besides the one you annotated. What I'd like to do is take that to N.O. when I go there, which will be in the next couple of weeks, and get it Xeroxed, replacing the office copy with the annotated one, and mail you a Xerox of your own annotations on that copy. If the trial is delayed, which does not seem likely, I'll do it here and mail it.

I've been too busy for correspondence that wasn't immediately necessary, and in recent months, I've come to feel it, especially physically. I've two unpublished books, several more in various stages, and I've been helping others more than myself lately. Thus, we had no time for Xmas cards and for acknowledgements. Yours was colorful. We are always glad to get them but the work we've been engaged in the past five years denies time for pleasant things we'd like to do.

The Supreme Court decision did not surprise me. What has since is the failure of his lawyers to enter a single motion. The trial is now less than 10 court days away.

The belief in Oswald's singular guilt is restricted to those of influence and connection. Most ordinary people never bought it. The whoring writers, the pimping press, these pretend to believe and say they do. Few others. Had I not decided it was more important to finish Oswald in New Orleans I'd have completed Manchester Machiavelli: The Unintended Unofficial Whitewash. It is book length or was in early 1967 when I laid it aside. It is quite something. No pretender, no writer, has ever been so completely disassembled or as totally wrong. ...The Salinger attitude is sickening. But I addressed myself to that in the Epilogue of the second book....If Teddy's bid is a surprise, what is his victory?... This is the beginning of his danger period. No politician aspiring to the Presidency and with the potential of reopening the investigation will survive unless he makes a real issue of that, thus making his murder too hazardous.

Several nights ago, intending a kindness, I phone Kerry for the first time. Quite an experience. He is less than rational, works himself up into quite obvious passions, has no concept of reality, and finally gets out of control entirely. He got so far out he wound up defending Dave Ferrie! A very strange man, at best, and a poor one at most.

Best wishes for the coming year. Hope it is a good one. I expect to be in N.O. for the trial, beginning before it, and after I want to stay home and complete about six more books. I have so much material, I can rough them out

unbelievably fast, as this show